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A VISION FROM THE PLAINS.

A Thrilling Sketch of California Life.

Early in the summer of 1849 a long emigrant train arrived on the banks of the Platte river, on the way to the newly-discovered gold regions of California.

The weary emigrants had accomplished about half their journey from the Mississippi Valley to the Pacific coast, but not the worst half, and they halted on the green prairie till means should be devised to cross the river.

Various plans were discussed.—Some talked of a bridge, others of a stationary raft, others of moving up or down the stream till a ford might be found. But every device met with some serious obstacle.

Among the emigrants was a young man named Abram Wilder, who with his wife and two little children—a girl and a boy—had faced the setting sun to seek an independent home.

He was one of those honest, thrifty fellows who like to make money squarely, and who are generally a benefit to any community, and it occurred to him that a temporary ferry might be made profitable.

Hiring two men of the train named Mallity and Sears to assist him, he felled some cottonwood trees and prepared three canoes. These he lashed together, covering them with puncheons, and thus forming a float that would sustain the weight of a wagon.

Thus the ferry was opened, doing a thriving business day and night, till Wilder accumulated considerable money. Was not that enterprise in that wild region?

That he might lose no time, he sent his family on with the train, retaining a riding-horse, with which he proposed to follow in a few days; and, while he accumulated gold and silver, Mrs. Wilder and her children traveled on toward the Rocky Mountains.

A week—ten days—two weeks passed, and Wilder did not overtake them.

But, at last, his two hired men—Mallity and Sears—came along on horseback, saying that Wilder would come up next day; then pushed on ahead of the train with singular haste.

Abram Wilder was never seen again.

Five years passed. In the summer of 1854 the mining post of Forest Hill, in Placer county, California, had its population augmented by the arrival of a family consisting of a woman, her boy of twelve, and daughter, of eight years.

The woman, who had a pale, weary-looking face, was Mrs. Wilder, and she had toiled hard for those children during the last five years. She had spent most of this time in Sacramento, where she had done washing and all sorts of hard work; but, suffering from ague, she had resolved to go up into the mountains.

Her boy, George, was particularly in favor of this, declaring that he would dig gold and make them all rich.

On the second evening after their arrival at Forest Hill, a good-natured miner came strolling by their tent, and accosted Mrs. Wilder, who, as it was very warm, sat outside.

"Good evening, Ma'am," he said, politely.

She returned his greeting courteously.

"It's late now," said he, "to offer my assistance. I would have come round and helped to put up your tent, if I had known you were alone with these children. Isn't your husband living, ma'am?"

"No—he is dead."

And a shade crossed her pale face, as she recalled the Platte river and the prairies.

Then she recounted the whole painful history, telling how she had worked in Sacramento, saying that she was willing to wash for the miners, and that her boy was determined to dig gold.

"I hope you'll get along well, ma'am," said the good-natured fellow; "and your boy shall have every show. Washing is hard work, but if you want to do such work for a while, till your boy strikes it rich, you will find plenty to do, and every man in camp will pay you well."

"Thank you," said the poor woman, delighted at the prospect. "I am very willing to do the work. I feel so much better up here already. I should have died if I had stayed in Sacramento."

"It's an unhealthy place, I know," said he; "but it will be renovated in time. By the way, you needn't be frightened, but I must tell you that thieves prowl about our camp.—They've been going it for some time, and we can't catch them."

Mrs. Wilder was somewhat startled.

"Oh, don't be scared!" said he.—"They're not dangerous. They are the sneaking kind. They only pick up things slyly, and get out of camp as soon as possible. They've been seen, but always escaped. Joe Harris saw them one night last week, and says they're Indians. It won't be good for them if they're caught."

"What would be done with them?"

"Oh, they'd be hung, of course! We folks hate stealing; and it's the only thing any one has ever been hung for at Forest Hill."

"Would they come into our tent?" asked Mrs. Wilder.

"Oh, no! They might reach in at the door, or under the canvas, to see what they could carry off but they are mighty sly."

"If they come here, mother," put in the little boy, "I'll kill them with the ax."

"What could you do, George? They're big men, you know."

"I'd fight them, anyhow," he said, bravely.

"Good, my boy!" said the miner.—"You'll be the right kind of a man when you grow up. But of course you're not very strong yet. If the robbers trouble you, just yell. That would do more good than your ax.—It would rouse the camp, and if you should be the means of getting them caught, I'd raise a collection of five hundred dollars for you before the breath should be fairly out of their bodies."

The miner stood talking with the Wilders till the sun had set—then he sauntered on.

"If I can do anything for you or the children," said he at parting, "let me know. My name is Tom Cook.—I live in that cabin over there, just next to the one with the sign of 'Choice Liquors.' There is a mess of us—six."

Mrs. Wilder thanked him, and when he had walked away she took her handkerchief and wiped away some tears that were gathering in her eyes. The kind voice of that blunt, honest man had touched some tender chord in her heart and she wept—she knew not why.

It was far, far in the night. The moon had not risen till eleven, and it was now away up in the bright sky, so that it could look down into the deepest canon. The Wilders had lain awake for hours talking about the robbers, which seemed to have made an unusual impression on them, but at last dozed off into unconscious rest, and the whole camp was wrapped in sleep.

The children slept soundly, but Mrs. Wilder was restless, and awoke frequently from half-feverish dreams.

When I relate the singular circumstances that occured before the morning, I do not claim that they were directed by supernatural agencies; nor do I avert that they were not. I simply tell the story.

It was between 3 and 4 o'clock when Mrs. Wilder seemed to fall into a deeper slumber than she had enjoyed that night. But it was not free from dreams. Thus far she had dreamed only of the mysterious robbers of which Tom Cook had told her; now her visions wandered away back over years. Again she was on the Platte river; again she saw her husband—so distinctly—building his ferry; again she bid him good-by, and traveled on over the prairies; again she saw the Rocky mountains loom up in the distance.

But here the dream made a digression. Sears and Mallity did not come now; but instead of them came Abram Wilder. She flew to meet him, but stopped, for her husband wore such a strange look on his face. He stood still, waved her off, then pointed to the grass at her feet. She looked down and saw a grave open; saw her husband lying in it, with a ghastly wound on his head; saw two men hastily filling the grave up. They were his hired men—Sears and Mallity.

With a scream that must have wakened every sleeper at Forest Hill, Mrs. Wilder started up from her rude couch, now fully awake, and in the dim light she saw a shadowy figure standing a few feet from her, with a hand still pointing at the earth, for it was the same figure she had seen in her dream. It stood perfectly motionless for a couple of seconds, then vanished.

Within the same two seconds several shadows were described against one of the slanting sides of the tent, on which the moon was shining, and they, too, disappeared simultaneously with the sound of retreating footsteps without; while something fell with a clatter, inside the tent, as though it had actually dropped through the canvas.

"What's the matter, mother?" asked George, springing up and seizing his ax.

At the same time his little sister cried out in her terror:

"Oh, it's the robbers! They'll kill us!" and she added a wail to the general confusion.

"Hush, child!" said Mrs. Wilder, who trembled so that she could hardly speak; "they've gone away."

"Oh, they'll come back—I know they will!"

George had hurried on his clothes, and he rushed boldly out of the tent with his weapon, uttering a loud shout.

Miners bounded from their tents and cabins on all sides; and hurried to the scene. One or two of them caught sight of two Indians making off into the woods.

Mrs. Wilder struck a light with tremulous hands, and hastily attired herself.

"What's the matter? Is that you, sonny?" asked the first miner, hurrying up.

It was Tom Cook.

"Yes, sir," replied George. "The robbers have been here. Mother heard them, and I heard them running away."

Mrs. Wilder came out.

"Were they here, Mrs. Wilder?" he asked; for he had learned her name in the evening.

"Oh—yes—some one was," she answered, breathlessly. I've had—such a terrible dream!"

"Maybe you only imagined it, then?" suggested Tom Cook; while the miners were hurrying up from all directions.

"No she didn't," said George, eagerly. "I heard them!"

"You bet she didn't," exclaimed one of the miners excitedly, for he had caught the hurried conversation as he came up. "I saw them goin' for the woods; and they were derned sneaking Indians. I'd swear it."

The crowd and the excitement increased.

Tom Cook was standing where he could peer into the tent, and he noticed that there was a rent in one side.

"What is that, Mrs Wilder?" he asked, as he stepped to the door and pointed to the aperture.

Mrs. Wilder looked.

"Why, it's been cut!" she said, astonished.

Cook went round on the outside, with a number of others, and examined the point of interest. Yes, the canvas had been ripped with a knife.

By this time the whole camp had gathered around the tent of the Wilders, and as they learned the particulars, loud imprecations were invoked on the unknown robbers. All was hubbub and confusion.

Suddenly a scream was heard in the tent. A rush was made for the door. Had one of the robbers concealed himself within, and had Mrs. Wilder just discovered him? If so, Heaven help him!

No, there stood Mrs. Wilder, gazing with a terrified air at something she had picked up near where the rent had been made—and now, with a shudder, she let it fall again at her feet.

"What is it? What's the matter?" was asked, and Tom Cook, followed by others, waived ceremony and entered the tent, while George, with his ax, was without, answering the hurried questions of new comers.

"Oh, Lord of Heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilder; "my murdered husband has been here this night! I shall soon go to him, *I know!* It is a warning! Oh, Abram! Abram!"

Scarcely knowing whether to think the woman sane or not, Tom Cook advanced and picked up the object that lay at her feet.

It was a knife—a large pocket knife—with two blades, one of which was five or six inches long, and open, and the handle was of rough buck-horn. I was a peculiar, old-fashioned knife, and there was a small brass plate on it, containing the initials "A. W."

"It was my husband's knife!" said Mrs. Wilder, while a tremor ran through her frame.

The men started at each other.

"I saw him in a dream—yes, and saw him standing in the the tent when I awoke—and I heard that knife fall!"

The first thought that went the rounds was to the effect that the ghost of Abram Wilder had visited the window, and left this article, that she might recognize it; but that idea was quickly dispelled by the assurance of one of the miners that he had seen two Indians retreating.

"Then, Mrs. Wilder," said Tom Cook, who did not like to give the ghost up entirely, "your husband has appeared to warn you of your danger."

This idea was received with general favor, and while a confusion of voices discussed the matter, the moon paled, and the gray morning came over the mountain.

Among the miners was one named Tirrell, who had recently come from another camp a few miles distant known as Bear Gap. By-and-by he examined the knife. When he did so he started, scratched his head in an intellectual way, opened his eyes too wide, and uttered a significant exclamation.

"What now, Tirrell? What's up?"

"I—know—this—knife!" he said, as if he was not quite sure about it.

"Are you sure? Don't speak rashly, Tirrell."

He scrutinized it more closely, and then said:

"Yes; I'd swear to it. I borrowed that very knife two weeks ago, and returned it to its owner."

A pause ensued. The miners looked at each other a moment, as if hesitating to ask the momentous question.

At last Tom Cook asked it:

"Who?"

"A man at Bear Gap. But, mind, I don't say he's been here at any bad tricks. His name's—Mallity."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilder, starting as though she had trodden upon a serpent; "Mallity? Where—where is he?"

"At Bear Gap."

"Do you know him, ma'am?" asked Tom Cook.

"He is one of the very men I told you of last evening, Mr. Cook—one that I always thought murdered my husband! I *know* it now, and this knife is his condemnation."

Thereupon she briefly related her story to Tirrell and others, who had not heard it before.

"Can it be that this man has been coming all the way from Bear Gap, week after week to rob us?" asked Tom Cook.

"But how about the Indians?" asked another.

"They may have been disguised.—Who could the other be, Tirrell?"

"Don't know, unless it is his bunky. Another man and he live together in a cabin at Bear Gap."

"Who is the other?" asked Mrs. Wilder.

"Sears, his name is."

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilder, "the very names! They are the two men who murdered and robbed my poor husband on the Plains, and that is the way this knife came here. Oh, shall they escape unpunished?"

"No! no! not by a jug-full! Not if they're in Bear Gap or in California," was shouted on all sides. "Let's track them home—hunt them down! Who's ready?"

The wildest excitement prevailed.

Shortly after sunrise a comittee of six started for Bear Gap, and at midday they retured with two prisoners, whom they brought face to face with Mrs. Wilder. She knew them in a moment, and they sank down upon the ground, half dead with remorse and terror, as they recognized her.

"Yes, yes!" she exclaimed, wildly, "I know you, Sears—Mallity—you killed my husband! You know it! May you meet with the mercy he received at your hands!" Her voice was raised almost to a scream, and she waved her right hand in an excited way, as if invoking the vengeance of Heaven.

Yes, the Vision from the Plains—the ghost of the murdered man that had come from the mountains, and carried the dreaming widow back to the Platte river—that had roused her from her slumber with a shriek that startled the marauders, while in the act of cutting their way into the tent, causing them to drop the tell-tale knife—was the means of hunting down the camp-robbers, and their days were numbered.

A search of their quarters at Bear Gap had disclosed a considerable amount of gold dust, which they had evidently stolen, for they had never been known to dig much; but worse than all, snugly rolled up and packed at the bottom of a sack that was filled with other things, were two complete Indian outfits—feathers, belts, wigs of long, black hair, and materials for staining the face. Disguised as Indians, the two villains, Sears and Mallity, the muderers of Abram Wilder, had been robbing the various camps in that vicinity for months.

Before sunset that evening they confessed all, including the murder of Wilder—and the gathering shadows of night frowned on two silent figures that were dangling hideously from the boughs of a tall tree.

Mrs. Wilder was avenged!

But she spoke with a pathetic tongue when she said her loved companion had called her. Her health failed rapidly from that night, and within two months she left her children there in the mountains and went over the dark river to meet him with whom she had parted on the banks of the Platte.

BEAUTIES OF THE BIBLE LANGUAGE.

If we need higher illustration, not only of the power of natural objects to adorn language and gratify taste, but proof that here we find the highest conceivable beauty, we appeal at once to the Bible. Those most opposed to its teachings have acknowledged the beauty of its language, and this is due, mainly, to the exquisite use of natural objects for illustrations. It does, indeed, draw from every field. But when emotional nature was appealed to, the reference was at once to natural objects, and, throughout all its books, the stars, the flowers, the gems, are prominent as illustrations of the beauties of religion and the glories of the church.

"The wilderness and the solitary places shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom like the rose."

"The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you in song, and all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorns shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree."

The power and beauty of the same objects appear in the Savior's teachings. The fir and the olive, the sparrow and the lily of the field, give peculiar force and beauty to the great truths they were used to illustrate.

The Bible throughout is remarkable in this respect. It is a collection of books written by authors far removed from each other in time, and place, and mental culture, but the whole of nature is exalted as a revelation of God. Its beauty and sublimity are appealed to to arouse the emotions, to reach the moral and religious nature. This element of unity runs through all the books where reference to nature can be made.

One of the adaptations of the Bible to the nature of man is found in the sublime and perfect representation of the natural world, by which Nature is made to proclaim the character and perfections of God. No language can be written that so perfectly sets forth the grand and terrible in nature and its forces as we hear when God answers Job out of the whirlwind. No higher appreciation of the beautiful, and of God as the author of beauty, was ever expressed than when our Saviour said of the lilies of the field: "I say unto you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these;" and then adds: "If God so clothed the gras of the field"—ascribing the elements of beauty in every leaf and opening bud to God's skill and power.

THE VOTE MARKET.

The "Woman Suffrage Association" has placed itself upon record in a resolution which for bold infamy has not been equalled by any organization in this country.

The resolution reads as follows:

"*Resolved*, That we, the Woman Suffragists of the country, will work and vote with the great national party that shall acknowledge the political equality of women."

Do these women know what they are doing? Is such action as this fitted to *purify* the suffrage?

Here, in fact, is a direct offer to sell the entire woman vote of the Association and its adherents, to that party which shall "acknowledge the political equality of women."

Is the instinct of prostitution so strong in some women that they cannot reason on the relative merits of questions of profit and loss, but must forsooth, offer themselves at auction to the highest bidder, so that the price be the flattery of their consummate vanity by the admission of their right to vote.

This is the refined element wich is to *purify* our elections!

This new *sexual* party cares nothing for the politics or morals of the side they endorse, and for which they are willing to swarm to the ballot-box! Right, Wrong, Slavery, Freedom, Honesty, Fraud, the Rights of Labor, Reform of the Civil Service, Nepotism—all these are inconsequent terms to them;—but one anxiety and one desire fills their hearts—to gain for their petty and unwomanly ambition the endorsement of *a party*—no matter whethere it be an honest one, or not; this is all.

Are these women determined that our mothers, our sisters and our wives shall be no longer the types of actual womanhood?

Dare they thus blindly thrust their voices into open market, and offer them at public vendue?

Shame upon them!

[From the Mendocino (Cal.) Democrat.]

VICTORY IN OUR GRASP.

We believe that the time for a straightout Democratic victory, throughout the length and breadth of the land is now at hand—that the Democratic party, as a party, in National Convention, can name the next President. To prove that we are not visionary, we will give figures for despairing Democrats to masticate as food, so that they may attain to a more healthy and hopeful feeling.—While they look on the pictures we present, our readers must bear in mind the fact that these tables were made up long anterior to the meeting of the Cincinnati Convention, nominations of Greeley and Brown, and before the rupture in the Republican party had become so really warlike as to show very formidable contention. If the figuring was so close between the two parties, Radical and Democratic, many months ago, what would it be now, with the Democracy organized and defiant, and the Radical party disrupted as it is? We put the query to every thoughtful Democrat. The New York *World* has taken the trouble to compile the following tabular statement of the relative strength of parties in the United States, as exhibited by the vote for Representatives to the present Congress, the elections having mainly taken place in 1870:

States.	Vote—Dem.	Vote—Rep.	Electo'l Vote D.	Electo'l Vote R.
Alabama	77,870	74,305	8	..
Arkansas	20,301	22,373	..	5
California	56,583	62,336	..	5
Connecticut	46,718	47,273	..	6
Delaware	12,434	10,001	3	..
Florida	11,812	12,439	..	3
Georgia	83,412	62,782	9	..
Illinois	153,600	196,531	..	16
Indiana	148,591	153,281	..	13
Iowa	63,656	98,632	..	8
Kansas	20,841	40,017	..	3
Kentucky	88,944	57,351	11	..
Louisiana	58,226	85,992	..	7
Maine	44,471	84,454	..	7
Maryland	76,595	57,727	7	..
Massachusetts	48,482	87,085	..	12
Michigan	85,733	96,148	..	8
Minnesota	29,395	36,759	..	4
Mississippi	57,263	71,748	..	7
Missouri	107,431	60,222	11	..
Nebraska	7,997	12,375	..	3
Nevada	6,821	6,491	3	..
New Hampshire	34,344	35,013	5	..
New Jersey	76,373	80,426	7	..
New York	408,153	363,184	33	..
North Carolina	87,648	83,427	9	..
Ohio	206,012	219,507	..	21
Oregon	11,588	11,245	3	..
Pennsylvania	267,165	265,707	26	..
Rhode Island	2,349	9,498	..	4
South Carolina	54,777	74,207	..	6
Tennessee	74,492	38,488	10	..
Texas	84,000	45,000	6	..
Vermont	9,916	31,621	..	5
Virginia	83,970	87,467	10	..
West Virginia	28,666	26,649	5	..
Wisconsin	70,626	77,576	..	8
Total	2,747,205	2,788,377	159	158
Majority		41,172	1	..

This table gives a majority of one to the Democrats in the Electoral College for the Presidency.

The following is from the New York *Sun*, published long ago:

The Apportionment bill just passed by the House fixed the number of members of Congress at 283. Add thereto the Senators from the 27 States and the number of Presidential Electors for 1872 will be 357, a majority of which is 179.

At the election for members of the present house, several States gave aggregate majorities for the Democratic candidates as follows: Alabama, Deleware, Georgia, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, Nevada, New Hampshire, New York, North Carolina, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia and West Virginia. According to the new apportionment these States will give 175 electoral votes, or four less than a majority.

Of the States above named, all excepting New Hampshire and Pennsylvania are absolutely sure to vote against Grant. Those two States give thirty-two electoral votes, making, when taken from the anti-Grant column, a defiency of thirty-six opposition votes.

But the following States, which gave majorities last year to the Republican candidate for Congress, are almost certain to vote against Grant, viz:

Arkansas	6
California	6
Connecticut	6
Indiana	13
Louisiana	7
New Hampshire	5
Nebraska	3
Total	47

This view of the case would give the anti-Grant candidate for President 185 votes; or six more than are necessary to elect him.

Will those Grant Republicans who are already shouting over his triumph in the coming contest lay down their trumpets and take up their pencils and go over these figures? They will instruct, even though they may not gratify them.

We have said "we believe that the time for a straightout Democratic victory is at hand," and in the face of the above showing we think our readers can hardly fail to agree with us.

A kind old father-in-law wanted to know why the Feejeeians were called cannibals, to which Barnum replied, "Because they live off of other people." "Then," replied he, unhappily, "my four sons-in-law must be cannibals—they live off of me."

Horace Greeley having heard a certain man alluded to as the leading milkman of Connecticut, wrote to him to know whether he was at present cultivating cocoanuts or cows, and which he found most profitable for butter and cheese.

The Williams mine near Galena is the richest lead mine in the country. Over 1,000,000 pounds of mineral have been taken out within a week or two.

Dobson says his friends seem determined to give him the title or Dr. His butcher, baker, and all the rest do so, but they put the Dr. after his name instead of before it.

OLD VIRGINIA LAWYERS.

For a long period in the early history of the colony of Virginia, no lawyer could lawfully take a fee for pleading the cause of a cadet in court, nor give counsel in any cause or controversy, for any kind of compensation, under a penalty of five thousand pounds of tobacco for every offence; but in 1680, after a quarrel which had lasted thirty-eight years, the House of Burgesses again admitted them to the practice of their profession, and fixed their compensation at rates which were meant to be liberal. For conducting a cause in the chief court of the colony an attorney was allowed to charge five hundred pounds of tobacco, and in the county courts one hundred and fifty pounds—splendid compensation if tobacco could only have been kept to a shilling a pound. When John Rolfe, not yet husband of Pocahontas, planted the first tobacco seed in Jamestown in 1612, good tobacco sold in London docks at five shillings a pound, or two hundred and fifty pounds sterling for a hogshead of a thousand pounds' weight. Fatal facility of money making! It was this that diverted all labor, capital, and enterprise into one channel, and caused that first ship load of negroes in the James River to be so welcome. The planter could have had but one object—to get more slaves in order to raise more tobacco. Hence the price was ever on the decline, dropping first from shilling to pence, until it remained for two years at an average of about two pence a pound in Virginia, and three pence in London. In Virginia, it often fell below two pence; as during brief periods of scarcity, it would rise to sixpence and sevenpence. A fee of five hundred pounds of tobacco, from 1680 to 1750 might average about three guineas; and a fee of one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco, something less than one guinea. These sums, as small as they seem to us, sufficed to create the profession of the law in Virginia, and to draw into it a few of the younger sons of great planters, and the eldest sons of Western yeomen.

But these fees were the highest that could be charged. It is evident from Jefferson's own books, that his usual compensation was somewhat less; for, he records, that during his first year at the bar, 1767, he was employed in sixty-eight cases before the General Court—business that must have brought with it many cases in the county courts; but his entire emolument for the year was a little more than two hundred pounds sterling; or, in the currency of Virginia, as set down by himself, with Jeffersonian exactness, two hundred and ninety-three pounds four shillings five-pence and three farthings. From the accounts of later years, I should conclude that his cases, one with another, yielded him about one pound sterling profit: for the number of his cases and the number of pounds of his law income are never far from equal, in the busier years of his practice.—Translating the pounds of that period into the dollars of this, it was as though a lawyer of the present day should receive fifty dollars for arguing a cause before the Supreme Court of the United States, ten, dollars for a cause before a local court, two dollars for a verbal opinion, and five for a written one. As late as 1792, when lawyers' fee's were again fixed by law in Virginia, the most eminent lawyer in the State could not charge, for the most elaborate written opinion on the most astruse question relating to real estate, more than sixteen dollars and sixty-six cents; and when lawyers attended at a distance from their homes, they could charge for their time not more than three dollars and fifty-eight cents per day. Well might Mr. Webster say, that in that age lawyers, "worked hard, lived well, and died poor."

It is said that during the shocks of the recent earthquake in California, miners at work three hundred feet under ground were entirely unconscious of the disturbance at the surface, which rattled brick buildings into a heap of ruins. This would appear to support the hypothesis lately advanced that earthquakes are produced by electrical disturbances on the surface rather than by any internal agitation of the earth.

EVERY railroad station in England has a stairway or platform, or some other means of crossing the track, and such persons as disregard the prescribed way and step on the track are immediately seized and fined twenty-five dollars. In this way the companies are saved many suits for direct and constructive damages.

A German boy, near Marine, picked up a double-barrelled shot gun lately, and jammed the butt of it on the ground, remarking that he didn't believe it was loaded. He was sadly mistaken however, as the jarring discharged both barrels, sending two charges of turkey shot through his head, killing him instantly.

A minister who thought that reporting sermons was all vanity, afterward concluded that if the thing must be done it should be well done, and slipped a greenback into the reporter's hand, saying "Do not condense me."

Numerous residents of Lafayette, Ind., have established a Druidical "grove," and their wives have got from the circulating library all the copies of the "Mystery of Edwin Druid" to learn what sort of doings are contemplated.

Men trust rather to their eyes than to their ears; the effect of precepts is therefore slow and tedious, whilst that of examples is summary and effectual.—*Seneca.*

A bald-headed Mussalman is treated with contempt unless he has four wives and then he's pitied.

PACIFIC COASTERS.

Silverton wants a hotel.

Crickets infest Montana.

Wheat 85 cents at Salem.

Jem Mace is in San Francisco.

Politics boiling hot in Clackamas.

Joe Hooker is coming to Oregon.

Salt Lake city wants an Insane asylum.

Joaquin Miller is going back to Boston.

Indians depredations still continue in Arizona.

Ninety guests now revel in the Hotel de Watkinds.

Indian hostilities are threatened in Powder River country.

The Cocos Hidden Treasurer Co. have returned—disgusted.

There are eleven foreign vessels now on their way to Portland.

Salemites are raising money to secure a concert by Anna Mehlig.

Stages now run from Olympia to Pumphrey's Landing in one day.

The N. P. R. R. has received enough iron to lay 60 miles of track.

An earthquake was felt in Salem on Wednesday night of last week.

John Dayton, of Marion county, has been sent to the Insane Asylum.

John Kassader of Jacksonville has received a patent for a wagon-tire tightner.

The next session of the Grand Lodge I. O. O. F., will be held at the Dalles.

A plank road is talked of from McMinnville to Portland. A Democratic measure.

Burglars still infest Salem. Wonder if these fellows were imported by the "regulars."

Sam. Winans, of Oregon railroad notoriety, has married a Miss McFadden, of Michigan.

Radicals will attempt to have Indians vote at the next election in Washington Territory.

The Bellingham Bay coal mines have been cleaned of water, and coal is now being taken out.

A. Westfall of Hillsboro, threatened to kill his absconding wife if she did not return to his bed and board.

A 12-year old girl has been swindling the Oakland people by obtaining articles to "show to her mother."

Lewiston sharpers sell "skookum flour" to Indians. It brings $5 per sack, each containing a bottle of whisky.

The last sensation—a Salem burglar stole and got away with a 54 inch circular saw, while a watchman was on duty.

Captain Tilton Sheets is surveying Skagit Pass, W. T. It is thought the N. P. R. R. will reach Puget Sound through that pass.

A company has been incorporated in Portland to run a line of steamers between that city and San Francisco capital, $3,000,000.

Several Americans have been imprisoned, persecuted, and their property destroyed by Mexicans. Where's the "protective" Government?

A boy named Morgan was run over and killed by a train on the San Jose Railroad. His mother died soon after hearing of the loss of her son.

Portland papers say not even initistory steps have been taken to celebrate the Fourth in that city. Albany is ahead of the metropolis.

Col. B. B. Taylor, of the *Herald*, will deliver the Annual Address before the Literary Society of Willamette University, on the 25th of June.

Dolly Varden hats, Dolly Varden cigars, Dolly Varden saloons, and the Dolly Varden Ticket are all the rage in Multnomah and Marion counties. Everybody is going for Dolly Varden straight.

A Salemite is employing his leisure moments in perfecting a type-setting machine, which he claims to have invented. The old question as to its ability to get drunk, put on "subs," and shirk for "fat takes," recurs in this instance, of course.

The Twelfth Annual Convocation of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of Oregon will meet in Salem on Friday, June 21st. The Twenty-second Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge A. F. & A. M., will meet at the same place, on Monday, June 24th.

An Ogle county man has trapped fifty skunks during the past six months, which is another indication that the battle is not always to the strong.

Yellow sea serpents permeating a bright green sea covered with a scarlet *Victaria Regia* would be a nice thing in Dolly Vardens.

A new style of gold bracelet is of burnished gold, with a motto inscribed on it in large raised letters, composed of precious stones.

Two young men of Knoxville have had gas bills presented to them by young ladies whom they visited and kept up until the "wee sma' hours."

If some one would only get up a sewing machine to collect rents, mend manners and repair family breeches, what a sale it would have.